Volume XCIV No. 11 May 21, 1971 40 cents

commonweal

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES **CHILDREN'S BOOKS: HIGHLIGHTS OF SPRING**

WELDON WALLACE **BACKLASH AND THE BISHOPS**

MATTHEW M. MESTROVIC **BALKANIZATION IN TITOLAND**

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR. **THE SCREEN: LOVERS & OTHER DANGERS**

ST. CHARLES SEMINARY LIBRARY
MAY 19 REC'D
CARTHAGENA STATION, CELINA, OHIO

NEWSPAPER
ST CHARLES SEM LIBRARY
CARTHAGENA STATION
CELINA OH 45822
12-71
A-66108

PETER STEINFELS

THE COOLING OF THE INTELLECTUALS

THE CASE OF
Commentary
AND
The New York Review
of Books

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS & VIEWS

Curbing the Executive

In 1912, a State Department official, J. Reuben Clark, compiled a list of 48 instances in which the U.S. had used military forces in foreign countries without any statutory or treaty right.

In 1945, a former Assistant Secretary of State, James Grafton Rogers, updated the list. "The Executive has used force abroad at least 100 times . . . without reference to Congress," Rogers wrote in *World Policing and the Constitution.*

By 1967, the number of armed actions undertaken by the U.S. without Congressional authorization or declaration of war was calculated at 137. The source: Department of State Research Project No. 806A; August, 1967.

Now, according to the research of one Senator, the total is 153!

The figure was cited and the military actions itemized at recent hearings of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee into three bills which would harness the war-making powers of the President.

The Senator, to guarantee the impact of his research, entered his testimony in the *Congressional Record* the following Monday. It begins on S 5636 and runs for a dozen pages, under date of April 26, 1971.

Thus now, in that most public of all sources, is the definitive summary of American military adventurism, from the "quasi-war" of 1798-1800 with France, to Indochina, 1971.

The list includes such exotic para-Constitutional excursions as Fiji Islands, 1858 (Marines and sailors landed "to punish natives" for the murder of two American citizens); Nicaragua, 1899 (American Marines landed "in response to a petition from foreign merchants"); Colombia, 1901 and 1902 (U.S. troops landed "at various times" to keep transit lines open across the Isthmus); and, of course, Lebanon, 1958, and Dominican Republic, 1965.

Descriptions of the actions are cluttered with damning phrases like "apparently authorized by," "may have been under color of," "appears to have been authorized by," "seems to have been authorized by," etc., etc.

Extremely fascinating reading.

What mischief-maker pursued and publicized this embarrassing subject? McGovern? Hatfield? Church? Fulbright? One of those other troublesome doves?

Nope. It was Senator Barry Goldwater.

Goldwater's intention, naturally, was not to embarrass. It was to undercut those restrictive war-powers bills and save the President from being "reduce[d]" by the Congress "to [being] no more than a simple stooge."

One can almost hear the current President groan. With friends like Barry, who needs Democrats?

Who, indeed! . . . The net effect of the Goldwater research was to impress the necessity of the very thing he hoped to devastate. If Goldwater made anything clear, it was that the powers of the Executive in the use and deployment of the Armed Forces are badly in need of controls. Have been, in fact, since 1798, or soon after.

Beating the Bank

The really wonderful thing about credit buying is that it helps make the rich richer.

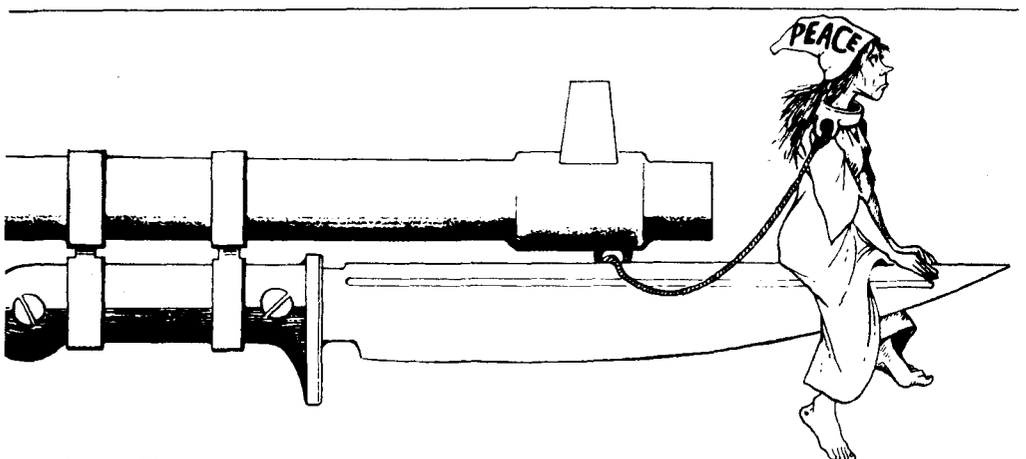
So imagine the consternation of officials of the Industrial National Bank of Rhode Island, the state's largest. They've discovered that Master Charge is enabling buyers-on-credit to pay their bills on time. Who wants that?

"We get no interest return," said John J. Cummings Jr., the bank's president at INB's annual meeting. "People here pay their bills too quickly."

(If a Master Charge bill is paid within 25 days, there is no interest charge.)

The bank directors grappled with the distressing situation, but could come up with no magic answer.

The only solution, commented H. Nord Kitchen, senior vice-president, Charge Service Department, lies in convincing people to take extended payments on their Master Charge accounts.



Vadillo, *Siempre*, Mexico

Count Your Blessings

Echoes of Ben Tre ("We destroyed it in order to save it") . . .

A *Boston Globe* report from Vientiane on the interrelation of U.S. bombing in Laos and Laos' ballooning refugee population concludes with a quote from Father Matthew Menger, Catholic missionary:

"Even though our American bombing has killed some people, even if it's hundreds of thousands, thank God for the bombing, because otherwise this country would not be free."

Odds and Ends

— *Giving USA*, a leading journal on American philanthropy, predicts that the churches are headed for "a financial crisis beyond anything believed possible a few years ago." The basic problem: disaffection. "The churches are caught between the extremes in our society. They are damned if they do and damned if they don't. No one seems happy with what they are trying to do or not do." Hence, less giving.

—A police trial board recommended last month that Washington, D.C., police sergeant John Latin, Jr., be fined $900 and stripped of rank because he tried to solicit policewoman Marilyn Hershey while she was posing as a prostitute.

—A recent mail brought $1 and a *Commonweal* subscription coupon from a 1934 *Catholic Worker*. Colleagues sighed for the days when $1 bought 15 issues of any journal, and when bishops said nice things in print about *Commonweal*. Like "It has spoken of Catholic things to people who live in another world and in a tone that does not startle them, and in a language to which they listen without distress." The endorsement, featured in the ad, was from the late Hugh C. Boyle, Bishop of Pittsburgh.

JOHN DEEDY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Letter from a Pilgrim

To the Editors: It was Holy Thursday afternoon. I was on my way to the Campus Seder Meal and Mass at the Newman Center. A simple newsbrief came over the car-radio, reporting the Holy Father's Maundy Thursday sermon. Just as with Judas it would have been better had he not been born, so too with priests leaving the ministry! Because of the scandal they bring to the church, it would have been better had they not been born. *The New York Times* on Good Friday morning carried the address in detail.

My reactions were both deep and strange. It was, you see, my first Holy Thursday since resigning from the public ministry of the priesthood a few months ago. Officially I am on leave of absence, in a waiting position for a dispensation—waiting perhaps, I have been told, four months or ten or even a year. Yet, on my way to Mass this Holy Thursday, the only thing that stuck in my mind was the newsbrief: "better not to have been born." I choked up at a red light, debating whether or not to go to the Eucharist. I was hurting, yet I recalled his words: "Come to me, all you laboring and burdened, and I will refresh you." I parked the car, and joined in the Eucharist with other Christians. We sang "where charity and love prevail." My lips and heart were out of tune. I was only feeling sorrow. Would it prevail? This Holy Thursday, 1971, I went to Mass as a Christian layman. I was alone. I couldn't get the refrain out of my mind—". . . better not to have been born."

Good Friday, 1971. I cried alone. I cried with others. Friends in their silent tears consoled me. I could not pray. I could barely hope. Perhaps, "better not to have been born."

Vigil, Easter, 1971. Christians gather to celebrate the happy fault that merited such a Redeemer. Campus crowd of lights and voices resonate in song the

(Continued on page 271)

***NEWS & VIEWS:* 250** **CORRESPONDENCE: 251**
BALKANIZATION IN TITOLAND: *Matthew M. Mestrovic* **252**
BACKLASH AND THE BISHOPS: *Weldon Wallace* **254**
THE COOLING OF THE INTELLECTUALS: *Peter Steinfels* **255**
THE SCREEN: *Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.* **261**
CHILDREN'S BOOKS: HIGHLIGHTS OF THE SPRING: *Elizabeth Minot Graves* **263**
A SELECTED LIST OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS: 266

JAMES O'GARA: *Editor* JOHN DEEDY: *Managing Editor*
PETER STEINFELS: *Associate Editor* ANNE ROBERTSON: *Editorial Assistant*
PHILIP T. HARTUNG, COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.: *Movies* JOHN FANDEL: *Poetry*
EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Publisher* JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*
COMMONWEAL *A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts.*
Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.
Printed in the USA and published weekly,
except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and June to mid-September,
by Commonweal Publishing Co., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016
MUrray Hill 3-2042. *Copyright © 1971 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.*
US and Canada, $12 a year. Foreign $14. Single copies 40¢

THE BISHOPS IN DETROIT

Elsewhere in this issue Weldon Wallace reports on the Detroit meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops. Like almost everyone else we have read or talked to about the matter, Mr. Wallace was discouraged by the stand-pat nature of the sessions, although he at least saw hopes for a possible advance in the aftermath of the gathering. There is something in what he says, no doubt; all is not black. Nonetheless, we must confess that our prime reaction to the episcopal conference was one of deep discouragement. Perhaps we place too much stress on the bishops, and this may be something we should overcome. Yet so much of what can or can not be done in a particular diocese and in the country at large depends on the bishops that just as a practical matter it is hard to ignore them if one still cares at all—as we do—about the institutional church.

As we read recent history, the Second Vatican Council presented the church with a unique opportunity. Just as underdeveloped countries need to make a giant leap into the 20th century, so too does the church, and here was a great opportunity for it to take a giant step into modernity, into a practical demonstration of its relevance for modern man and the modern world. Despite the great promise offered by Pope John and the Council, however, many of these hopes have been dashed, as can be seen in the large numbers who have simply "turned off" the institutional church, and for our part we cannot escape the conviction that a failure in leadership from the Pope down has played a large part in this sad state of affairs. Let it be said immediately, too, that we are willing to accept our share of the blame for this failure. No doubt Catholic journalists and intellectuals in general failed to work as effectively and imaginatively as they should have, we among them. Nevertheless, given the theological and existential positions of the Pope and the bishops, we think it is not unfair to say that the major thrust of leadership that was needed had to come from them, and this leadership simply has not been forthcoming. In a period of rapid change such as that which followed the Council, a certain amount of upset and disarray was inevitable. That so many have become totally disillusioned with the church, though, is a tragedy, and it is, we think, one for which the bishops must bear a large part of the blame. For all their individual piety, they have by and large (with a very few outstanding exceptions) shown themselves closed to new initiatives and deaf to the new voices in the church, and now they have done so again in Detroit. Speaking in sorrow rather than anger, we are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

profoundly convinced that even sadder days are ahead for the church in this country unless something can be done to give new life to American Catholic leadership. What other conclusion can one draw from surveying the topography of current Catholicism in this country, from deinstitutionalized laymen to rapidly emptying seminaries and convents? We have learned from long experience that it is a rare bishop who will listen to a layman, and thus we expect that our voices will often fall on deaf ears. At Detroit, however it was not the dissent of laymen that was rejected but that of rank-and-file priests all over the country, and if the bishops will not even listen to their own priests, heaven help us.

Balkanization In Titoland

At the end of April, Tito summoned his quarreling associates to Brioni to settle the mounting strife among Yugoslavia's nations and republics. There, in Tito's words, after "very sharp discussions" unanimous agreement was reached. The process of decentralizing Yugoslavia would continue through the enactment of 21 constitutional amendments now under consideration. But essential Yugoslav unity in matters of foreign policy and defense and the integrity of the market would be preserved.

Both before the Brioni meeting, and after it in a rambling and typically contradictory speech, Tito threatened to purge various elements sabotaging party policy: separatists, unitarists, Serbian hegemonists, bureaucrats, intellectuals and journalists. But knowledgeable observers question whether Tito, at 79, is able to purge numerous dissidents within and outside the party. The result is that the recent Brioni meeting, like so many other parleys in the past, may only paper over fundamental and still unresolved national differences. The Yugoslavs have an appropriate expression for this sort of a situation: "Mountains tremble but a mouse is born."

The growing turmoil and national divisions are partly due to the decline of Tito's authority and his inconsistencies. For about a decade he has been relinquishing control over internal affairs to subordinates, preferring to travel all over the world, promoting nonalignment and unsuccessfully seeking to mediate the Middle Eastern dispute. Only recently Tito again captured world headlines by his cordial encounter with Pope Paul VI in Rome with whom he shares many common views on international problems.

Yugoslavs have observed only too often that Tito's angry threats remain without implementation and that he himself retreats under conflicting pressures from policies previously agreed to. This in fact is a principal cause for Yugoslavia's current economic and political crisis. In 1965, for instance, an economic reform was launched to make Yugoslav industry competitive in the world market. But Tito has helped to undermine the reform by granting one concession after another to powerful vested interests. For instance, hundreds of millions of dollars continue to be poured into the political Belgrade-Bar railroad, which may be the world's most expensive in terms of trackage.

As a result of constant violations of the guidelines of the reform, Yugoslavia's economy is in serious trouble. Consumption is spiraling, bringing a gloss of prosperity to a fundamentally poor country; the balance of payments deficit is out of hand, unemployment continues substantial, inefficient plants continue to operate for political reasons and over a million Yugoslav workers have gone abroad.

The endemic economic crisis has given rise to what the Communists themselves call "our nationalism" because it is based on hard economic self-interest instead of on romantic notions of blood, language and soil. The economically more advanced republics of Croatia and Slovenia have become convinced that their prosperity depends on the transformation of Yugoslavia into a confederation, within which each republic will control its own economy and political destiny.

Another factor shattering Yugoslav unity has been the disintegration of Communism as a relevant and unifying ideology of the political elite. As a result, disillusioned party leaders in the various republics have increasingly become spokesmen of their respective nationalisms. The defense of republican and national sovereignty has become the justification for the continued exercise of power by the respective republican leaderships.

In Croatia this evolution has led to a close alliance among the Catholic hierarchy, the Communist leadership, the dissident intellectuals and the students on the common platform of defending the sovereignty of the Socialist Republic of Croatia. An expression of this national front policy has been the recent election at Zagreb University, with official backing, of a new student leadership consisting of only 4 Communists on a slate of 19. And a few weeks ago Croat party secretary Pero Pirker in a *Vjesnik* article called on all progressives to join the League of Communists of Croatia, whether or not they believed in Communism.

The nationalism of the various Yugoslav nations has reached such intensity that a radical constitutional transformation of the country is necessary to preserve a measure of unity. The alternative, advocated by some party officials, intellectuals and Maoist students in Serbia (contrary to the position of Serbian party leader Marko Nikezic) is a return to complete centralism and social equalitarianism, which in effect means a return to undisguised Serbian hegemony over the other Yugoslav peo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ples. Presumably this alternative requires a military coup, possibly backed by the Soviets.

The Soviets have been watching the Yugoslav turmoil with open delight. They have established clandestine contacts with Croat separatists abroad and simultaneously with Serbian hegemonists at home. Obviously they hope that in the confusion and strife they will capture all of Yugoslavia through a Soviet-backed military coup, or at least the eastern half of the country if it breaks up after Tito's death. And they have some good reasons for their hopes. Personal and political relations between top Yugoslav leaders have deteriorated to the point that once Tito is gone it may be very difficult to get them even to meet together as they recently did on Brioni.

Unfortunately, the State Department may once again be unprepared to deal with a crisis which has been building for years. U.S. policy seems limited to backing the *status quo* and the Belgrade bureaucracy against the republican claims for greater independence as the sole way to preserve the union.

But, obviously, after the disastrous experience of trying to keep another nation, the Vietnamese, divided against its will, the U.S. is hardly likely to use military force to keep multinational Yugoslavia from breaking up. Under the circumstances the most constructive U.S. policy would be to stay out of any direct involvement in the internal Yugoslav national fray and to urge the Soviets to do likewise. Despite sharp and dangerous conflicts, the Yugoslavs may yet find an equitable solution of their disagreements if these do not become entangled in the imperialistic designs of great powers, as so often in the past.

MATTHEW M. MESTROVIC

(Matthew M. Mestrovic, a frequent contributor, is a member of the faculty at Fairleigh Dickinson University.)

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

NATIONAL CONFERENCE IN DETROIT

BACKLASH AND THE BISHOPS

In Detroit late last month, the nation's Catholic hierarchy met its first head-on challenge of major rules governing a priest's life. This was an experience that left the body of bishops shaken—shaken though unmoved, except for the turn of its back. But while the spring meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops ended with a stiffening of old attitudes, this three-day session appears to be a possible step forward in the renewal movement when it is viewed as part of a historical process.

From time to time before Detroit, the bishops had received petitions urging freedom for priests in decisions concerning their personal daily lives. But these came unsolicited from groups unknown to the hierarchy, groups whose motives were easy to discount and whose positions were easy to reject. The demands for change presented in Detroit, however, emerged from a massive study which the bishops' Conference itself had commissioned and which is costing half a million dollars.

As a body, the bishops separated themselves immediately from these findings, thus blocking, at least temporarily, the drive for change. The strength of the majority resistance is apparent from a mere listing of the men whom the conference will send to Rome in the fall to discuss the priesthood as members of the Pope's Synod of Bishops. Among those elected, John Cardinal Dearden, Conference president, is the only one likely to show flexibility in considering the new outlook on a cleric's life. The other delegates are: Cardinals John Krol and John Carberry and Archbishop Leo C. Byrne. The alternates: Archbishops Joseph T. McGucken and John F. Whealon. These are dedicated men, but they were brought up under the philosophy that a priest must conform himself and his drives to the demands of the institution. The new insistence on conforming to the demands of life could well strike them as a move toward anarchy.

It was in 1967 that the bishops set up their study under the chairmanship of Cardinal Krol. This project was divided into seven parts, each with its own research corps, to probe the ideas and feelings of clerics about their own vocation. The study is not finished, and the only results offered in Detroit were progress reports on four parts: theological, written by Father Carl J. Armbruster, S.J.; sociological, by Father Andrew M. Greeley; psychological, by Father Eugene Kennedy, M.M., and historical, by Msgr. John Tracy Ellis. In the Greeley and Kennedy inquiries, a cross-section of representative clerical opinion was sampled in questionnaires or interviews.

Their papers were submitted not for a vote but to help the Conference reach a consensus on the clerical life today as a guide to its Synod delegates— an important objective since the ministerial priesthood is one of the two topics on the Synod agenda, the other being world justice and peace. Taken together, the reports encompass a sweeping range of new freedoms proposed for priests. Personal decision is urged in such matters as marriage, place of residence, clothing, and type of service. Further, there was a suggestion, offered in the Armbruster paper, for the ordination of women. The Greeley paper, among other emphases, called for more democratic ways of choosing authority: the election of popes by bishops; of bishops by priests. Freedoms

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proposed in the Kennedy presentation included individualized seminary training. The authors of these reports discussed them at the opening session.

Archbishop Byrne was ready. Arriving in Detroit armed with a 15-page critique of Father Armbruster's 12-page document, he censured the Jesuit theologian as one who had disavowed the teachings of St. Thomas Aquinas on the priesthood, and he labeled the priest an "existentialist," using the term with the distaste he might have shown if accusing him of an act morally unspeakable. He found the Jesuit's work subjective, and he urged its rejection. A number of others joined in the attack, including Archbishop Whealon, who, like Archbishop Byrne, was later to be elected a Synod delegate.

Father Armbruster left himself open to Archbishop Byrne's just criticism that his conclusions were presented with no indication of the research findings on which they were based. The priest did not say whom he had questioned. However, his proposals for change in clerical life, though expressed often in a trite or unfocused way, were in harmony with aspirations which Father Greeley and Kennedy discovered in their survey of priestly opinion. In a letter to the Conference, Father Armbruster apologized for the shortcomings of his report, promising to do better. The press was told, in answer to a reporter's question, that the Jesuit had been given a "slap on the wrist."

It was easier for the bishops to find fault with the Armbruster paper than the others, since they felt on familiar ground in theology. They had no complaints with the psychological and sociological reports, though obviously unsettled by their conclusions. Cardinal Krol came forward with a ready defense against them. Conceding the importance of psychological and sociological data, he warned however that these "cannot be used as a criterion of truth, as a norm of action. What the priesthood is, and what the priesthood must be and do, has been determined by Our Lord, as taught by the church." Here, he revealed the fundamental difference separating the older concept from the new. In the philosophy reflected by the Detroit reports, a changeless personal commitment to follow Christ in response to His call is "what the priesthood is." But "what the priesthood must be and do" (that is, "ministry") is changeable to meet the needs of man—including priests!—in different times and places.

The Detroit meeting was a disappointment not because the bishops failed to change priestly rules. Action was not its purpose. But listening was. And the instant retreat of the majority behind the battlements of the past did not suggest a willingness to hear. One does not expect a predominantly older body of prelates, formed in other times, to espouse the new priesthood. But if not empathy, one might have expected sympathy and charity.

In view of the defenses erected in Detroit against the impulses of renewal, what aspects of that meeting can be interpreted as signs of an advance? There are three. In a nation like the United States, where Catholic life has developed from a strongly conservative base, progress must be measured not always by actions but by the direction in which individual steps are leading. Not long ago the bishops' conference had no formal means of receiving communications from the outside. Then it formed a liaison committee to relay the demands and aspirations of the people into the deliberating chamber of the bishops. That was one step. In Detroit, the tide of renewal, moving on, swept across the Conference threshold. It was indeed ironic—and unique—that rules of priestly life which American Catholic authority has been enforcing as indispensable were called sharply into question by forces which that very authority created. And though the Conference resisted, it could not annul the presence of its own study as a witness of the modern American priesthood. Eventually in this push, which most certainly was not stopped in Detroit, something will have to give. Will it be the priests? In the past they were the ones to knuckle under when at variance with their superiors. In this instance, however, the priests have behind them the demands of the times.

Another hopeful sign: As resistance intensified in Detroit, the minority view came forward in bolder relief, as demonstrated in the balloting. While the minority could never muster more than 50 percent of the votes, a forward-looking younger bishop, the Most Rev. James W. Malone of Youngstown, made a strong showing as runnerup in five of the ballots, winning at times as much as 40 percent of the vote. This manifestation offers the possibility that the minority may find ways to give more open expression to its voice, a development that would crack the unbroken public facade which the Conference has felt it necessary to preserve.

A third cause for hope at Detroit was an expression that came out of the regional meetings into which the Conference was divided for discussion. All but one of these groups reported a willingness to look with favor on the ordination of "mature" married men as a means of meeting a desperate need for priests in some areas. If a place should be found for any group of married priests in the Western church, how could such a move be anything but the prelude to a marriage option for all clerics? Granted that has not happened in Eastern-rite churches, which ordain married men. But the atmosphere is different. In the West, the drive for the right of priests to marry has become so strong and so widespread that it stands out as the very symbol of renewal.

In summary, Detroit gave urgency to the question: "How much longer can the bastion of authority withstand not the pressures of priests as individuals or in groups but the mandates of history itself?" WELDON WALLACE

(*Weldon Wallace is religion editor for the* Baltimore Sun.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COOLING OF THE INTELLECTUALS

The case of Commentary *and* The New York Review of Books

PETER STEINFELS

Hidden in the sematic fog so beloved to New York intellectuals is a potentially important new trend in their world. After years of demoralization, a pro-American type of intellectual is starting to speak up, to launch vigorous counterattacks on the chic radicalism, to debunk the debunkers.

—The Wall Street Journal, November 10, 1970

THERE IS something about Norman Podhoretz, who is 41 and the editor of one of America's more distinguished journals, that suggests he would still look all right wearing the red satin jacket of the Cherokees Social-Athletic Club, once the proudest possession of his Brownsville adolescence. That the Cherokees were a group of the rumbling kind is nowhere hinted at in *Making It,* which is Mr. Podhoretz's account of his passage from Brownsville to the editorship of *Commentary,* and which is, I believe, the only written record of the Cherokees' existence. But perhaps the red satin jacket comes to mind because Podhoretz is out on a rumble right now, has been in fact for the good part of a year. Podhoretz has declared war on what he holds to be the predominant attitudes in the intellectual community, or as he puts it, "the misconceptions which have been spread so effectively in recent years by the New Left, the counter-culture, and their assorted apologists and sycophants in the academy, the mass media, and periodicals like the *New York Review of Books.*"

If the "cooling of America" has reached the intellectuals, no one has cooled quite so noticeably, or quite so heatedly for that matter, as Norman Podhoretz. Last November, the *Wall Street Journal* greeted him as "a most improbable conservative." The *New York Times* and *Washington Post* have noted his ideological journeying. The *National Review* sniffed suspiciously at *Commentary's* shift to the right last December; by March, an editorial was enthusiastically headlined: "Come On In, the Water's Fine." What once could be taken as another family squabble among Manhattan literati looks more and more like an important indicator of future political alignments.

Recent issues of *Commentary,* the monthly publication of the American Jewish Committee, give the impression that Podhoretz is following a check-list of targets. One month's lead article suggests the parallel between New Leftists and the German Communists who helped pave the way for Hitler. Another month's argues that most talk of repression in America is just that—talk—and that anyway dissidents are bringing it on themselves. The next month, the Black Panthers walk the plank. And then Women's Liberation. The December, 1970 issue dissected "apologists for the Counter-culture"—Reich, Roszak, and the Scranton Report. The lead article in January maintained that the prosecution of the defendants in the Chicago Conspiracy Trial was "legally plausible." In February, four articles argued the danger to Jews posed by the "Movement." In March, a major article by Daniel Moynihan warned that "our capacity for effective democratic government" may be threatened by press hostility to the White House. And so on. A good deal of mopping-up work is performed in the secondary articles and book reviews.

Podhoretz is not at all loath to name one of the

PETER STEINFELS *is an associate editor of* Commonweal *and an innocent bystander, sort of.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chief gangs with which he is contesting the intellectual turf. Last June, in the first of the columns with which he now opens each issue, he wrote of the "radical intellectuals of Jewish origin who run the *New York Review of Books* and whose radicalism, such as it is, consists entirely of preserving and enlarging the heritage of hatred for America." In a later column he added to his list of "various *trahisons* of the *New York Review*" against the intellectual life the "central responsibility" it shares for the spread and consolidation of the ideas he finds so destructive. Finally, last November's *Commentary* featured a 14,000-word article, by Dennis H. Wrong, attacking the *New York Review of Books* as "a vehicle of what might be called *haut* New Leftism."

These compliments have not gone unnoticed in the opposing quarters. Jason Epstein, a founding spirit of the *New York Review* as well as a major backer and contributor (his wife Barbara Epstein and Robert B. Silvers are the *Review*'s editors), recently wrote there of fearful, angry, and frustrated individuals who, "like the editor of *Commentary*, imagine conspiracies." "Righteous tempers," he added, "will agree with the editor of *Commentary* that our problem is the mischievous work of nihilistic intellectuals." When Podhoretz rejected the idea that America is undergoing a "crisis" as a notion propagated by intellectuals and politicians in order to undermine traditional political processes, Hans Morgenthau took time out from an article in the *New York Review* to brand Podhoretz's argument as "the intellectual equivalent of the patient throwing out the thermometer in order to convince himself that he has no fever." As for sociologist Nathan Glazer's conversion from moderate radicalism to moderate conservatism, announced in a recent issue of *Commentary*, Morgenthau called it "tantamount to a declaration of intellectual and political bankruptcy."

Discuss this dispute with most spectators of the New York scene and not two minutes will pass before you hear the phrase "tempest in a teapot." Common opinion has it, and common opinion is justified by a good deal of evidence, that all intellectuals are equally quarrelsome, and that New York intellectuals are more equally quarrelsome than others. That they should constantly be at one another's throats seems like a fact of nature, no more in need of special explanation than tomorrow's sunrise. Another day, another polemic. At most such matters (common opinion speaking here again) spring from snubs and bad reviews, personal vendettas and institutional rivalries—the province, in short, of Dame Gossip, first lady of Manhattan.

Those who look to such factors to explain the *Commentary-New York Review* wrangle will not be disappointed. Two of the protagonists, Norman Podhoretz and Jason Epstein, are friends fallen-out. It is no secret that Epstein thoroughly disliked Podhoretz's autobiography, *Making It* (in which Epstein, of course, appears and not altogether without blemish); and that as a vice-president of Random House he made his opinion of Podhoretz's manuscript known. (Random House published it anyway.) Podhoretz, on the other hand, clearly intended *Making It* to be a Big Book—"a frank, Mailer-like bid for literary distinction, fame, and money all in one package," he proclaimed on the last page—only to have most of the New York intellectuals greet it with everything from embarrassed silence to outright snickers. The reviews were . . . well, let's just say that they were *numerous*. Most writers do not find that such an experience increases their affection for their fellows; and Podhoretz has gone out of his way to emphasize that in such worldly matters of self-interest he is absolutely like most writers, only more so.

Besides personal ambitions, there are also institutional ones. The *New York Review of Books* has surpassed *Commentary* both in circulation and, to some extent, in prestige as a forum for American intellectuals. But *Commentary*, a subsidized monthly, is not *Life* fighting for circulation figures with which to tempt advertisers. If there is a contest between the journals, it is more apt to be for issues than for readers. Intellectually, it is simply no fun to be plowing the same furrows as another similar publication. Since the *New York Review* has successfully staked out its territory on the Left, *Commentary* may feel a natural push to occupy its own, different plot of the political landscape. There is also an iconoclastic impulse to Podhoretz's own style and the style of essay he has featured so well in *Commentary*, even if the iconoclasm is a bit imagined at times. Taking on the *New York Review* was perhaps inevitable from the moment that periodical had established itself in the intellectual world.

It is tempting enough to leave the matter there: just another wave of intellectual muggings, fueled by ambitions, resentments, rivalries, quarrels old and new. In fact, a lot more is at stake. The fissure between *Commentary* and the *New York Review* was opened by the political earthquakes of the Johnson years. First the reigning liberalism and then the emerging radicalism were badly shaken up. Now the ground is settling.

On the one hand, a new conservatism is beginning to take conscious shape. Not the conservatism of Buckley and Reagan, though that isn't doing too badly either, but the conservatism of social scientists like Nathan Glazer, Daniel Bell and Pat Moynihan, and best represented by the influential quarterly *The Public Interest*. Men with ties to the Left in some form or another (usually anti-Communist), they have come to serve as skeptical Brain Trusters to the government bureaucracies. Self-consciously "middle-aged"—or so the first issue of *The Public Interest* declared without apology—they largely accept the present structure of U.S. society as *given*, and strive for limited change within what they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

consider to be the narrow room for maneuver provided by our complex technology and bread-and-butter politics. A certain amount of confusion and ill-feeling has always sprung from the ties of many of these individuals to liberalism and even socialism; Glazer's announcement that he is now a "mild conservative" could possibly clear the air.

On the other hand, that Left—liberal and radical, New Politics and New Left—which rejected first Johnson and then Humphrey is now rethinking and regrouping. In some cases it is hard to tell the difference between going under and digging in, but everywhere the mood seems more reflective, the outlook long-term—though the anger is still there. In the heart of psychedelic country, most of the *Village Voice* political writers continue the tradition of the early New Left, concentrating on concrete injustices and spurning overgrown ideology. In the radical *Liberation,* Julius Lester calls the New Haven murder of Alex Rackley the "Movement's Mylai" and questions the morality of radicals who ignore that death while they applaud Black Panthers' indulging in what he terms the "politics of psychotic fantasy." In the same magazine David Dellinger expresses his dismay at the turn to violence and callousness of the "underground." On other fronts, new journals appear, like *Social Policy,* whose masthead carries names like Noam Chomsky, Peter Edelman, Charles Hamilton, Roy Innis, Kenneth Keniston, and Rhody McCoy. Although its editor, Frank Riessman, denies any intention of creating a radical counter to *The Public Interest, Social Policy* seems to play the same role as a forum for the Brain Trusters of social action and community control movements.

How will the debate shape up? As America "cools," in what molds will the questions for the coming years jell? "In this country," Norman Podhoretz told an audience recently, "you never get to the letter *C*. You always go from *A* to *B* and then back again." That's one of the things the *Commentary-New York Review* dispute is about: whether we'll get to the letter *C,* and what *C* will be like when we get there.

THE *New York Review of Books* and *Commentary,* after all, were once considered kissing cousins if not Siamese twins. Along with the *Partisan Review,* they were both platforms for that group of New York intellectuals Podhoretz himself, in *Making It,* likened to one big Jewish family. The family quarrel began as early as the Berkeley strife in 1964. Podhoretz prides himself on having opened *Commentary* to new currents of radical social criticism in the early '60s; but "except for about five minutes I was unhappy even then about the New Left." (The S.D.S. charter document, the Port Huron Statement, was submitted to *Commentary* for publication as an article. Podhoretz rejected it as simplistic.) The *New York Review,* he

Common opinion has it that all intellectuals are equally quarrelsome, and that New York intellectuals are more equally quarrelsome than others.

charges, took a highly uncritical view of radical and dissident youth, publishing "propaganda" and "apologetics." Later the journals diverged on the war: Podhoretz calls it "disastrous" but explicitly refuses to use the term "criminal." On race, the representative *Commentary* contributor is Bayard Rustin advocating a coalition between blacks, organized labor and liberal Democrats, while the *New York Review,* having printed Stokely Carmichael's explication of Black Power and radical criticism of Martin Luther King, has lately given considerable sympathetic attention to the Black Panthers. The 1968 teachers' strike found the two publications on opposing sides of the picket line. Jason Epstein published long defenses of Ocean Hill-Brownsville in the *New York Review. Commentary* concerned itself more and more with signs of anti-Semitism in radical quarters—and missed that concern, no doubt, in the "radical intellectuals of Jewish origin" at the *New York Review.* It was in the Fall of 1968 that the *New York Review* received its first fusillade in the pages of *Commentary,* several paragraphs at the end of an article on "The New York Intellectuals" by Irving Howe.

Two years after Howe's whiff of grapeshot failed to disperse the mob, Dennis Wrong wheeled out the big guns. Wrong's article, with which Podhoretz says he largely agrees, has been called "utterly definitive" by the *National Review* and "an incisive and much needed critique" by a writer on the *Columbia Journalism Review.* Dwight Macdonald, on the other hand, called it "a sober piece which leaves the motor out"—namely the effect of "ten years of a ghastly war in Vietnam." Another view, voiced by a writer who read the article sympathetically and even discussed it with Wrong, is that it is a careful but also very selective job.

Admittedly, reviewing over half a decade of a journal like the *New York Review of Books* is a formidable task —which Wrong accomplishes by proceeding somewhat like a man peeling an artichoke, keeping only the handful of leaves he wants, setting the others aside with nods of acknowledgement:

Well, yes, the *New York Review* does run first-rate summaries of the latest work in a wide variety of scholarly fields, but . . . . Well, yes, the *New York Review* has maintained rigorous standards against the anti-intellectualism and irrationalism of pop culture and the "new sensibility," but . . . . Well, yes, the magazine does continue to print the "old Weimarians" whom Wrong admires, like Hannah Arendt and George Licht-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heim, but . . . . Well, yes, certain of the contributors he finds most objectionable (Stokely Carmichael, Jerry Rubin) have only appeared in the *New York Review* once and certain others have not appeared there for several years, but . . . . Well, yes, the *New York Review* did seem to back off from a flirtation with romantic revolutionism, but . . . . Well, yes, it did attack the deepening Vietnam involvement forthrightly and helped mobilize intellectuals against the war, but . . . . Well, yes, although the *New York Review* maintains the New Left political outlook it adopted in the mid-Sixties, it does so "in more nuanced and discriminating versions," but . . . . Well, yes, despite this adherence to a "political line" it responded to the Kennedy and McCarthy candidacies by shifting "back briefly to a more ecumenical mood," but. . . . Well, yes, it has avoided the self-indulgence, lack of discipline, vilification, wild rhetoric, and preposterous analogies found in other Left journals, but . . . . Well, yes, although it took a New Left perspective on both matters, its coverage of the Columbia strike was "well-informed" and its treatment of the Ocean Hill controversy was "argued in specific and sometimes convincing empirical terms," but . . . . Well, yes, the *New York Review* has published articles critical of the New Left and contemporary radicalism by Paul Goodman, Barrington Moore, Eugene Genovese, Christopher Lasch, Robert Heilbroner, and others, but . . . .

Well, yes.

When Wrong mentions his own belief that Third World political experiences do not provide relevant models for industrial nations like the U.S., he does so by agreeing with two writers who have made just such a case in the *New York Review*. When Wrong, at some length, dissects an article on technology and technological elites by John McDermott (one of only two articles McDermott contributed, thus raising the question of how representative the writer was), he ends by conceding that competing theories on the subject are not very satisfactory either. When he attacks two other *New York Review* contributors, he notes in fairness that they "are not revolutionaries, for they dismiss 'vulgar Marxism and Maoism' and 'Weatherman adventurism.' " He wonders ironically whether they might even be pessimists like Saul Bellow's Mr. Sammler—only to add, suspiciously, "Why, incidentally, has the *NYR* failed to review *Mr. Sammler's Planet?*" (It did review *Mr. Sammler's Planet*—incidentally—just after Wrong's article appeared. And favorably. So much for another conspiracy theory.)

Underlying Wrong's entire article is the suggestion that *New York Review* editors are calculating, if not even devious, opportunists, with one eye on the Dow-Jones of radical fashion and the other on the market-profile of their journal's audience. The editors "appear to be shrewd judges of their heterogeneous constituency . . . . they are careful not to climb too far out on a limb . . . ." Thus they throw "the odd sop" to campus and black militants and "cater" to the New Left, but "without burning their bridges" to the liberals whose subscriptions pay the bills. They choose, or avoid, political topics with "considerable canniness." If they have printed little on the Middle East crisis or if Noam Chomsky publishes his articles criticizing Israel in other journals, this is because the editors "find it politic" not to offend their pro-Israel readers or the pro-Arab factions of the New Left. (There is a heads-I-win, tails-you-lose aspect to such arguments: one wonders, for instance, how Wrong, or Podhoretz, would respond if the *New York Review had* printed Chomsky's articles. And since Wrong was doing "content analysis," he did not feel it necessary to investigate more straightforward possibilities, such as that *New York Review* editors did not care for Chomsky's articles or that Chomsky did not even submit them.)

Many of Wrong's observations and criticisms are well-taken. The *New York Review*'s letter columns, filled with Defense Fund Appeals, do read like the bulletin board of the radical community. (Maybe this could be altered if more liberals and moderates would get busted.) There is an occasional display of effete snobbery: when an exposé of General Motors is preceded by a review ending "This is a book which should find its way into every gentleman's library," one wonders if GM is going to be attacked from the point of view of the carriage trade or that of the landed proprietors. More important is the fact that while running criticism, often quite sharp, of New Left ideology, the violent and simply pathological aspects of New Left *behavior* have not rated the extensive coverage reserved for more attractive tendencies. Furthermore—what Wrong did not mention—the *New York Review* has lacked a comprehensive treatment of the racial issue from anything but a militant nationalist viewpoint.

What does this all add up to? Wrong exempts from his political criticism the entire scholarly side of the *New York Review,* (apparently including even such politically pertinent topics as history, the social sciences, and law). He grants that the magazine's cultural side has withstood the new trends he opposes (which given the weight of youth culture as an element of the New Left may be granting away just about half his case). He refers favorably to about a dozen contributors to the *New York Review*'s political side, and even his disapproval is thoroughly marbled with concessions. Does this mean that his differences (and Podhoretz's) with the *New York Review* are all a mirage?

Not at all. There is no denying nor any evidence that the editors would want to deny that the *New York Review* has been and continues to be open to certain currents of New Left thought. There is no denying, nor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any evidence that the editors wish to deny, that the *New York Review* is consistently and severely critical of the United States. From the first undeniable fact, Wrong and Podhoretz conclude that the *New York Review* is responsible for the New Left's excesses. From the second undeniable fact, they conclude that the *New York Review* is "anti-American." From both facts they conclude the *New York Review* is, at the least, useless; at the most, dangerous.

It is that little hop from the facts to the conclusions that makes the controversy less instructive about the *New York Review* than about the ground rules *Commentary* would like to establish for intellectual-political discourse. Is the *New York Review* really "guilty," as Wrong finally pronounces, of aiding and abetting the neo-Stalinist, apocalyptic, catastrophic mood of the New Left, and thereby disqualified from any future constructive role in rational politics? The *New York Review,* no doubt, has contributed something to the process of the New Left's hardening of the brains; so have a thousand other factors from government lies to LSD. The *New York Review* has also contributed something to the retardation and prevention of this process. Is it simply, as Wrong suggests, a matter of judgment as to which writers—Hannah Arendt, Christopher Lasch, Noam Chomsky, or Edgar Friedenberg—are the more "representative" of the *New York Review*? But isn't the essential problem to evaluate a journal which publishes them all?

What Wrong's effort to whittle away these complexities indicates is not that the *New York Review* followed a narrow political line but that its political line has not been narrow enough: despite the criticism and alternative views it publishes, it has steadfastly refused to "burn its bridges" to the New Left. Nothing less, really, would suffice.

FOR PODHORETZ, that refusal is crime aplenty: no problem of discriminating between different aspects of the New Left or the Movement poses itself. The New Left, for him, is "a neo-Stalinist spiritual movement" root and branch; in fact he has described the entire New Politics movement—Senator McCarthy excepted but not his followers—as Stalinist.

Podhoretz himself remains faithful to the New Deal coalition of the Democratic Party. That coalition, he argues, was successfully extending the benefits of the Welfare State to the blacks and the poor until the New Politics interfered. For better or worse, he explains, the Welfare State was bringing all America into the middle class, and it is hatred of the middle class and middle class values—not concern for the race, poverty, or war issues—which he thinks essentially fuels both the New Left and the wider New Politics. The New Politics people in general and intellectuals in particular, who inherit centuries of hostility to bourgeois values, are fundamentally elitist and at odds with the concerns and beliefs of the majority of their fellow citizens. This, presumably, is what drives them toward authoritarian attitudes and "anti-Americanism."

"To climb up the flagpole and sing the 'Star Spangled Banner' isn't even good rhetoric. It's simply a sign that Podhoretz has stopped thinking."

Much of Podhoretz's current thinking was already stated or foreshadowed in *Making It,* much of it has been reflected in *Commentary*'s orientation over the past five years. But about a year ago Podhoretz went off by himself for several months to work on a book about the '60s. It was then that the total picture fell into place. He came out fighting.

It is this embattled stance which draws such embattled comments: "He's gone nuts!" was about the briefest one, encountered several times when I discussed the New Podhoretz with New York writers. "A sane voice in what seems to be the fantasy world of the intelligentsia," wrote one *Commentary* reader, while another countered: "To climb up the flagpole and sing the 'Star-Spangled Banner' isn't even good rhetoric. It's simply a sign that Podhoretz has stopped thinking." One reader compared Podhoretz to William Buckley, "who might as well be on *Commentary*'s staff now." The Executive Director Emeritus of Freedom House compared him to Ed Murrow standing up to McCarthyism. Another reader simply compared him to "the well-known ostrich."

And it must be admitted the new Podhoretz and the new *Commentary* can be disconcerting.

Take the question of repression. Nothing could be more fatuous for Podhoretz and other *Commentary* contributors than the Left's "fashionable" talk of repression —cocktail-party paranoia, that's all. But when it is a question not of the Left's concern with protecting itself but of *blaming* the Left for provoking repression, nothing could be more serious than *Commentary*'s warnings of looming anti-Semitism, backlash against students and intellectuals, the similarity to Weimar Germany.

Then there is also the WASP menace. At a gathering in the latter part of 1970, I heard Podhoretz deliver an account of the "ethnic aggression by the WASP patriciate on the pluralist system." Even to a well-raised WASP-baiter like myself, Podhoretz seemed to lack only the discovery of a Secret Protocols of the Elders of WASP. John Gardner's *Common Cause,* he said, was a form of American Gaullism and "dangerous to the preservation of American liberties." Apparently the Left's mistake is not fearing repression as such but thinking that it will come from Mitchell and Agnew rather than John Gardner.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York Review *feels the crisis in America is rooted in the war, racism, the economic and political system, and a counter-productive technology.*

Or the matter of "anti-Americanism," which both Wrong and Podhoretz feel is the best way to describe the position of the *New York Review of Books*. When a letter to *Commentary* protested that Wrong was calling people "un-American," Wrong waxed indignant, even to the point of demanding an apology. "Anti-American," he insisted, is nothing at all like "un-American,"—an "odoriferous" term "used exclusively by xenophobic or demagogic spokesmen of the Right." To confuse the two, one would have to be "thoroughly disingenuous," "monumentally careless," or "incredibly ignorant."

I had always thought that the difficulty with the term "un-American" was not simply the people who employed it—and one can appreciate the desire of Wrong and Podhoretz to dissociate themselves from such company —but the essential imprecision of the term itself as well as its usefulness for reading one's opponents out of the body politic. In this regard, the vast distinction between "un-American" and "anti-American" remains, to me at least, elusive.

Commentary anathematizes the New Left's loose talk of fascism and genocide—quite rightly in my view. But Podhoretz does not show similar fastidiousness about accusations of Stalinism or anti-Semitism. "If the Communist Party became fashionable," Jack Newfield remembers Podhoretz telling him at a party, "you'd be first in line to join. Your politics lead to the gas chamber."

As run-of-the-mill intellectual alley-fighting, I suppose none of this is too exceptional. It does seem peculiar when one recalls the values which the *Commentary* counterattack is supposedly defending: as Glazer writes, "rationality, moderation, balance, tolerance," or as Wrong says, "the enduring need for civility, tolerance, and intellectual rigor." In fairness to Wrong, it must be noted that he is now not entirely happy about the "anti-American" label nor is he uncritical of the new line *Commentary* has taken. When, in fact, Wrong ends his article on the *New York Review* with a warning against the "simplifying formulas of either-or," it is hard not to feel his admonition is most applicable to *Commentary* itself.

Various explanations are offered for the tone Podhoretz has adopted. One New York writer, who has worked closely with him, says that Podhoretz resents the intellectuals, like those of the *New York Review,* who have gained attention and worldly success through the espousal of radical causes, and yet refuse to admit this "dirty little secret" of self-interest, the way Podhoretz himself did in *Making It*. A second explanation is that Podhoretz's tone reflects the bitterness of a significant segment of the Jewish community at what was felt to be, first, a lack of concern about the fate of Israel among WASPS and, second, signs of anti-Semitism among white and black militants.

A third explanation sees the *Commentary-New York Review* dispute as a prolongation of the bitter division of New York intellectuals in the '50s over the questions of McCarthyism, "hard anti-Communism," and "anti-anti-Communism." No veteran of the fierce ideological infighting of the '30s, Podhoretz nonetheless was at first passionately caught up on the side of the "hard anti-Communists," who downgraded the threat of McCarthyism and stressed the dangers of "softness" on Communism. These people, Podhoretz recalls in *Making It,* seemed not only to have the better arguments but also to be "more thrillingly brilliant and moral"; although eventually he found them rigid and doctrinaire. An ominous turning point in the history of the *New York Review,* according to Wrong, was an article by Jason Epstein which suggested that those who opposed the fervent anti-Communism of the '50s had been proven right by the war in Vietnam and the direction of America since then. Whatever the faults of the '50s, Wrong and Podhoretz feel the *New York Review* has now gone to the opposite extreme—and they are only trying to bring back some balance through their criticism.

But in explaining the "rebirth" of radicalism among intellectuals, Wrong refers to individuals like Susan Sontag whose radical origins were repressed in the mood of Cold War anti-Communism and who now admit their relief at being able to say "imperialism!" with an easy heart once again. There is no reason not to apply the theory across the board, however, and wonder if there are not a good number of intellectuals, steeled in the anti-Communism of the '50s, who have had to suppress their impulses in the face of the war in Vietnam and the legitimacy radicalism gained in the '60s, and who are now relieved to shed these ambiguities and call out "anti-American" and "Stalinist" just as in the old days.

However useful such explanations are, they should not be allowed to obscure the underlying political choice. If the *New York Review* is "either-or" toward the President and the Pentagon, and *Commentary* is "either-or" toward almost everything Left of the New Deal coalition, the basic issue is where one thinks the genuine crisis in America has its roots. The *New York Review* thinks the crisis arises out of the war in Vietnam, deep-rooted American racism, a system of economic and political practices which are unresponsive to the nation's needs, a technology which is increasingly counter-productive. Podhoretz, on the other hand, thinks the crisis arises out of the minds, the unexpressed values, of a large portion of the intellectuals. The major obstacle to a sensible

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appraisal of America's problems is the exaggerations, errors and misconceptions spread by the radical intellectuals; the main task for those who wish to solve these problems is to level those errors and discredit that radicalism. All the rest is *Commentary*.

The new *Commentary* has certainly scraped the barnacles off a few New Left hulls and dashed a few others to splinters. But the long-range question posed by this orientation is whether that "established" but intelligent line of social thought with its roots in the New Deal—the "mild conservatism" of Nathan Glazer, for example—will now define itself essentially in "anti" terms: anti-counter-culture, anti-New Left, and (God save the language!) anti-"anti-American."

"The politics of anti-Americanism," Podhoretz told me, "is on the defensive." He plans to keep it that way, too. What bothers him is that many "anti-American" intellectuals actually deny that they are "anti-American"; he does not intend to let them get away with it. "There are many people who are enemies of democracy who pass as friends of democracy," Podhoretz told a meeting of the Socialist party. An important job for intellectuals like himself, he added, is distinguishing between mere "critics" and real "enemies." We may be entering a new Popular Front period, Podhoretz warns, when revolutionaries talk like reformers and haters of America insist they love America. Don't be duped.

Since there was much in this outlook which reminded me of that '50s' Loyalty Oath mentality, I asked Podhoretz if he saw a return to the spirit of that era. (In *Making It,* Podhoretz described how *Commentary* before his editorship had a total ban on writers who were not considered sufficiently anti-Communist, and how "all articles were carefully inspected for traces of softness on Communism: a crime of the mind and character which might even give itself away in a single word, or in some remark having no apparent connection with politics at all.") He assured me he did not. *Commentary,* he said, was published in the context of the current discussion. "My judgments are made on the basis of what the discussion needs at the moment. A certain emphasis is badly needed and no one else is supplying it." The only danger, he went on, would be to regard something as a major obstacle when it no longer is. Clearly Podhoretz thinks he is moving on to the letter *C*.

I am not so sure. The *Commentary* of the '50s, which Irving Howe pointed out was more concerned with the threat to freedom posed by Arthur Miller than by Joe McCarthy, that *Commentary,* too, thought it was going beyond the old, sterile notions of liberalism and radicalism. In 1954, Howe wrote that if "Simone de Beauvoir and Bertrand Russell didn't exist, would not many of the political writers for *Commentary* and *The New Leader* have to invent them?" In 1970 *Commentary* writers began to do exactly that; the magazine ran imaginary portraits of "The Radicalized Professor," "The Activist Cleric," "The Liberated Woman," "The Advocate"—precious-prose exercises in the simultaneous construction and destruction of straw men.

"I always felt I was holding the line; now I'm on the offensive," a *Wall Street Journal* writer quotes Podhoretz as saying. He has a lot going for him: a firmly established journal backed by a respected organization; a stable of prestigious, well-connected writers; an outlook in large respects compatible with the present distribution of power and the present mood in the nation. "If you want to know the truth," Podhoretz told the *Journal* writer, "the truth is I *know* I'm going to win." Perhaps so.

'Twill be, I think, a famous victory.

LOVERS AND OTHER DANGERS

THE SCREEN

One night during *The Summer of '42,* as scriptwriter Herman Raucher remembers it, a teenage boy went directly from puberty to manhood. I don't mean to sound too patronizing, though, because this is a funny and gracefully nostalgic film. That summer the boy, Hermie (Gary Grimes), and his friend Oscy (Jerry Houser) were on the make for the first time. While Oscy chased a blond his own age, and gave Hermie avuncular lectures on the art of seduction, Hermie struck up an acquaintance with a married woman named Dorothy (Jennifer O'Neill). Hermie's intentions were so innocent that Dorothy, always busy writing her husband in the service, didn't even notice she was being courted. Then one night she really did need a surrogate husband, and Hermie the frog was transformed into a prince of a lover.

The film is held together by a variety of talents and techniques besides Hermie's. One is Master Houser's talent as a comedian, and another is the photographic technique of Robert Surtees. The third benevolent spirit watching over Hermie is the film's director, Robert Mulligan. Like a handler specializing in some difficult animal, Mulligan seems to be called in, perhaps by choice, only when there are adolescents to cope with. (His previous credits are *To Kill a Mockingbird* and *Up the Down Staircase.*) He treats Hermie's story with finesse and sympathy, especially at the end. This film has an R rating, which means no one young enough to have starred in it is advised to see it; but it isn't the love-making between Dorothy and Hermie that earned the R. Mulligan was smart enough to see that any scenes of physical passion would ruin the dreamy mood he'd created, and betray the ending's preposterousness.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I assume Herman Raucher is Hermie and the film is a memoir. But memory has its habit of confusing reality with wish-fulfillment. All period films have their lapses: for instance, the cars, although they're always impeccably maintained and Simonized in the film, sometimes tended to rust, bust or boil over in reality. It seems likely Hermie would have done a bit of the same in trying to please Dorothy that night, and that Raucher's memory has Simonized his manly prowess here. The film implies Hermie was equal to the sexual opportunity Dorothy offered him because that implication is all the script offers to convince us she was a profound experience in his life. Raucher's self-satisfied remembrance of the episode isn't that worrisome, as long as we gloss over it the way Robert Mulligan has done.

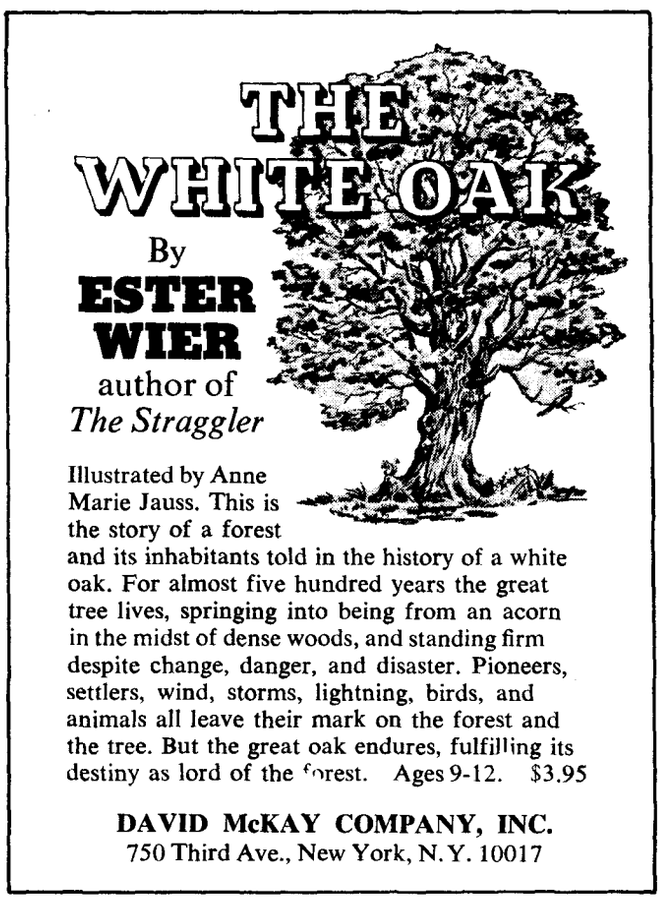
The lovers in Elaine May's *A New Leaf* are more evenly matched. Henry (Walter Matthau) is a millionaire who is, according to his valet, "keeping alive traditions that were dead before he was born." Henrietta (Miss May) is a millionairess who, according to Henry, "has to be vacuumed every time she eats." Having been rather prodigal with his own fortune, Henry decides he must give up bachelor pleasures and find a rich wife to murder—eh, *marry*, he keeps correcting himself. Unfortunately, Henrietta is also turning over a new leaf, every new leaf she can get her usually sticky fingers on. Her preoccupation with botany makes her frustrating to court, but ultimately easy to victimize. On their honeymoon, however, she really does discover a new leaf, which she names after Henry. He's so touched he can hardly bear to think any longer of doing her in.

Miss May has entered filmmaking with the same ambitiousness she displayed when she was Mike Nichols' partner. She is used to a one-woman show, and again proves herself versatile enough to carry it off. She holds the whole show together. If Mr. Matthau's opening scenes seem to drag a little, it's only because she's not yet on the screen. The minute Henry meets Henrietta, he begins to be a lot funnier. Miss May's only shortcomings are as a casting agent. Because Matthau is beginning to look a bit wizened around the edges, he seems slightly too old for his role. Contrarily, the estate lawyers in the film are younger than their clients, which also seems to me an anachronism. But perhaps such eccentric casting results from Miss May's experience on the stage, where the relative ages of actors are more easily disguised.

Whatever the reason for this minor disorientation to the screen, Miss May cannot be faulted on the execution of her other duties as scriptwriter, director and actress. Despite the fact this is her first film, *A New Leaf* is as slick and professional as the '30s comedies it resembles. It's *Bringing Up Baby* with some treachery added, and with Miss May as a female Cary Grant and Howard Hawks rolled into one.

Like most films about the youth culture, *Taking Off* should be called Ripping Off. Director Milos Forman doesn't seem to have been satisfied with the usual cynicism of exploiting teenagers merely as paid admissions to his film: he's also exploited them as extras in the film. *Taking Off* begins in a rehearsal hall where some impresarios of rock are auditioning hundreds of spaced-out, untalented teeny boppers. As the more pathetic auditions were interspliced through the first part of the film, I began wondering how Forman tempted all those girls to make fools of themselves this way. Did he perhaps lead them all to believe these filmed auditions would be their big chance to take off? That's ordinarily how this kind of thing is done, and this kind of thing is the lowest.

One of the girls is Jeannie Tyne (Linnea Heacock). While Jeannie is standing dumbfounded before the microphone, her absence from home is causing her mother (Lynn Carlin) to become hysterical and her father (Buck Henry) to get drunk. When Jeannie finally does return home, it is only to find her parents auditioning their respective neuroses. This sends her right back on the road for two or three months. But she makes the mistake of returning once again, this time



Illustrated by Anne Marie Jauss. This is the story of a forest and its inhabitants told in the history of a white oak. For almost five hundred years the great tree lives, springing into being from an acorn in the midst of dense woods, and standing firm despite change, danger, and disaster. Pioneers, settlers, wind, storms, lightning, birds, and animals all leave their mark on the forest and the tree. But the great oak endures, fulfilling its destiny as lord of the forest. Ages 9-12. $3.95

DAVID McKAY COMPANY, INC.
750 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to find her parents playing strip poker with some fellow members of the S.P.E.C. (Society for the Parents of Fugitive Children). During the interval Mr. Forman has, as they say, cut to the chase.

The film works toward a belittling accomodation of child and parents. The most obvious features of the youth culture are all reflected by the parents as if in a fun-house mirror. Trying to give up smoking, Mr. Tyne seems as susceptible to cold turkey as any addicted kid. Playing strip poker, he and his wife are, for the moment, as uninhibited. Even the children's closed society has its warped reflection in the S.P.F.C. In the end Jeannie brings home her songwriter boyfriend to meet her parents. Her father wants the young man to sing for his supper; but when he finds out the kid makes $290,000/year, it is he who adds the final audition to the film.

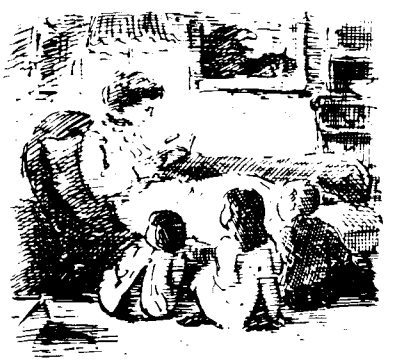
Of course a "take-off" is a parody, and that seems to be what Forman had in mind. But taking off is one thing this film never does in any sense. Forman is yet another European filmmaker presumptuous enough to think he could explain all our problems to us. The truth is he fits in too well here to be of any help. *Taking Off* might as easily have been a television series. Its ending, like that of a series, is completely arbitrary. And the Tynes' search for their daughter is certainly as episodic, and full of non-sequiturs, as any series is. The freaking out of Ozzie and Harriet, which is the essence of the film, just isn't either a funny idea or a powerful insight.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS: HIGHLIGHTS OF THE SPRING

● ● ● ● ● ● ●

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES



"The Young Ardizzone" (Macmillan)

"Now that you've done so well," a successful children's books editor was asked, "when are you going to advance and become an editor of adult books?"

The editor was horrified at the suggestion for she loved her work; moreover she was disheartened by the lack of appreciation for children's literature that the suggestion showed.

Her "friend" was not alone; many people do not realize the artistry and thought that go into books for boys and girls. Even though many children's books departments do extremely well financially, publishing company executives often regard the junior books as of much less serious literary importance than adult publications. This attitude carries over to the reviewing media. Appallingly few magazines and newspapers devote space to children's book reviews. *Commonweal* is one of the fortunate exceptions.

Yet children's books are of unusual importance. For if young people can be made more aware, curious, imaginative and discerning, if they can have a broad knowledge of the world around them, there is hope for understanding among people and peoples, and for a more meaningful, creative life for everyone.

Perhaps one reason children's books get less serious attention than adult literature is that, until recently, almost all editors of children's books have been women, while most top adult books' executives have been men. As Lucy Komisar points out in her *The New Feminism* for ages 13-18 (Watts, $5.95), no matter what a woman's role may be in a given culture, it is usually considered of less importance than that of a man.

Mrs. Komisar, vice-president of the National Organization of Women, shows how boys and girls are taught the stereotypes of masculinity and femininity from infancy (dolly tea sets vs. toy fire engines), and includes interviews with teenagers about courses open to them in high school (shop vs. home-making, math vs. music) and their college and job expectations. She attempts to free young people from sex stereotypes, to help them view life freshly and to realize they can be anything they want.

A spring book for the youngest, full of freshness and loveliness, is *Wake Up and Goodnight* by Charlotte Zolotow and illustrated by Leonard Weisgard (Harper & Row, $3.50).

"Wake up wake up wake up
The frogs are still
The sun is out
The day's begun."

The book shines with the delight and wonder of the world and living, and of the dreaminess of night, waiting for day to come again. Charlotte Zolotow's brief, poetic text is perfectly matched by Leonard Weisgard's sensitive paintings filled with brilliant sunshine, warm greens, and evening blues. This is a beautiful job of bookmaking.

Three Apples Fell from Heaven (Little, Brown, $4.50) is a collection of Armenian folktales for children 7 to 11. A young lad outwits a wicked dervish,

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES *is a free-lance writer and children's books editor for the Garrard Publishing Company.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a wise old farmer wins a fortune and a poor couple teaches the secret of happiness to a king. These and other tales are told with great succinctness, wit and lilt by Virginia A. Tashijan, a noted librarian, and illustrated with humor, sure-line and subtle color by Caldecott Medal-winning Nonny Hogrogrian. Children, so often powerless themselves, revel in the triumph of the poor and weak that frequently distinguishes folk and fairy tale plots. Little, Brown publishes many outstanding collections, including Virginia Haviland's new *Favorite Fairy Tales Told in Denmark* ($3.95).

God Wash the World and Start Again by Lorenz Graham and illustrated by Clare Romano (Crowell, $3.75), and *A Road Down in the Sea* by Lorenz Graham, illustrated by Gregorio Prestopino (Crowell, $3.95) are tales from the Old Testament told in the speech patterns of African people newly acquainted with English, as heard by Mr. Graham when he was teaching in Liberia. The stories of Noah and Moses gain amazing new vitality, emotion and meaning in these dramatic, rhythmical renditions with everyday, intimate conversations between God and his people. The books, designed in picture book format with striking African scenes, will appeal to grownups as well as children 5 to 10.

Lovely bookmaking makes many children's books a delight for the entire family, among them *The Color of Life* by E. John De Waard and illustrated by Jennifer Perrott (Doubleday, $4.95) aimed especially at ages 8 to 11. It is the fascinating story of how plants and animals use color to survive and function. One is struck by the amazing pattern and balance of life. The writing is easy to follow, often poetic, and the sensitive wash drawings with their soft hues add immeasurably to the book's appeal.

Another book with distinguished illustrations is *The Trees Stand Shining: Poetry of the North American Indians* selected by Hettie Jones, with paintings by Robert Andrew Parker (Dial, $4.95).

"The sunbeams stream forward,
dawn boys,
with shimmering shoes of yellow."

The Indians' reverence for life and closeness to nature pervade these song-poems and give them a haunting beauty. Wisdom is distilled in the brief, haiku-like lines, and the rich, dream-like paintings are magnificent.

This large, short volume is for children 6 to 10 but, thanks to publishers' "re-discovery" of the Indians, there is a 200-page anthology for ages 12 to adult, *In the Trail of the Wind: American Indian Poems and Ritual Orations*, with notes on themes and sources (Farrar, $4.95), edited by John Buerhost and illustrated with old prints. The songs of creation, war, death, despair, nature and love are deeply religious and profoundly moving.

Girls of 9 to 12 are especially avid readers and they are sure to love *Luvvy and the Girls*, a sequel to *The Half Sisters*, by Natalie Savage Carlson with pen-and-ink drawings by Thomas di Grazia (Harper & Row, $3.95). It tells how twelve-year-old Luvvy goes off to boarding school for the first time and of her homesickness, escapades and adjustments there. This warm, down-to-earth story of everyday friendships, tragedies and happiness is the type that seems simple to write to the casual observer but which actually is the most difficult. I am now waiting impatiently for the next volume of Mrs. Carlson's reminiscences; Luvvy is Natalie as a girl.

Code-Polonaise by Eva-Lis Wuori (Holt, $4.95), for ages 9 to 13, is laid in Nazi-occupied Warsaw during World War II, and tells of a group of orphaned boys and girls who band together and work to keep Poland's pride and spirit alive. Defying death daily, they put out an underground newspaper for children. Their courage and kindness, camaraderie and self-reliance, remind one of the wartime children in Claire Huchet Bishop's famous *Twenty and Ten* (Viking). Three of the boys are arrested but escape from prison, and later two of the children flee across the Polish border to freedom. Although their trip through the mountains is thrilling, I do not think the "happy ending" was necessary, for the real triumph of the book is that of the human spirit. One weakness of children's authors is that they sometimes feel they must end on a neat, nice note; yet children not only accept reality, they need to be exposed to it.

A novel for 10- to 14-year-olds that faces up to the race tragedy in the United States is *The Almost Year* by Florence Engel Randall (Atheneum, $5.95). Mrs. Randall, an author of self-searching honesty and unusual skill, tells of the school year a black girl spends as the guest of a white suburban family, with a son and daughter. "Given enough time," the father tells the guest "and with men of good will on both sides, and understanding . . ." But friendship is not that easy as the selfconscious hosts and their angry, impatient black visitor find out. Does the black girl fail to recognize the genuine good will of the family? Are they really trying to be kind, or merely trying to make themselves feel good and assuage their guilt feelings? Each of the characters learns something about himself and about the uncontrollable violence within human nature before the year is over.

During the story, stones rain down, dishes move, bells ring. Is there a poltergeist in the house, and who, and why? Though this mystery adds suspense and imagery, I felt it flawed the story. It would have been wiser to tackle the problems of hate and prejudice head on, realistically, rather than analyze them in metaphorical terms.

Reggie and Nilma: A New York City Story by Louise Tanner (Farrar, Straus, $4.50) also deals with black-white relationships. Fourteen-year-old Kim's best friend is 16-year-old Reggie, the son of Nilma, her mother's cleaning lady, and she and her older brother often visit Reggie and Nilma in Harlem. At the end of the story, when Reggie is falsely accused of stealing Kim's mother's jewelry, the young people find they have not known each other, or themselves, as well as they'd thought.

The book attempts to give a with-it picture of kids' feelings about rock, race, drugs, the generation gap and establishment values, and to capture

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teenage lingo—a courageous task! Unfortunately Mrs. Tanner is sometimes carried away by her wit and very genuine cleverness, and her satirical spoofs, such as those of the insurance adjuster and the "Cat lady" next door, are overdrawn and overlong. A more serious flaw is Reggie's reaction to his unjustified arrest. Would a realistic Harlem boy have been so surprised by white prejudice as to have suddenly dropped all his college plans and turned to hard drugs?

Two of the best characters in the book are the mother, with her acid but knowing comments on life, who sees the holes in her liberalism, and Nilma, the strong rock on whom she and her children lean.

Nilma is a cleaning lady. An important character in *The Almost Year* is also a maid, another a baby nurse. Both books are written by whites and the drawback is that you see the adult blacks from the white point of view only, and in roles thrust upon them by whites.

Sidewalk Story for 7- to 10-year-olds, by Sharon Bell Mathis and illustrated by Leo Carthy (Viking, $3.95) is written by a black author and for that very reason the black characters and background are more rounded, convincing and relaxed. *Sidewalk Story*, a 1970 prize winner in the Council for Interracial Books for Children's contest for unpublished authors, is the story of a loyal, stubborn little girl who fights to keep her best friend and her family from being evicted from their apartment for nonpayment of rent. It has something to say about friendship to children of any color and is written with pace, humor and a fine ear for the cadences of speech. I hope that the Council's contest continues to unearth such fine talent as Mrs. Mathis'.

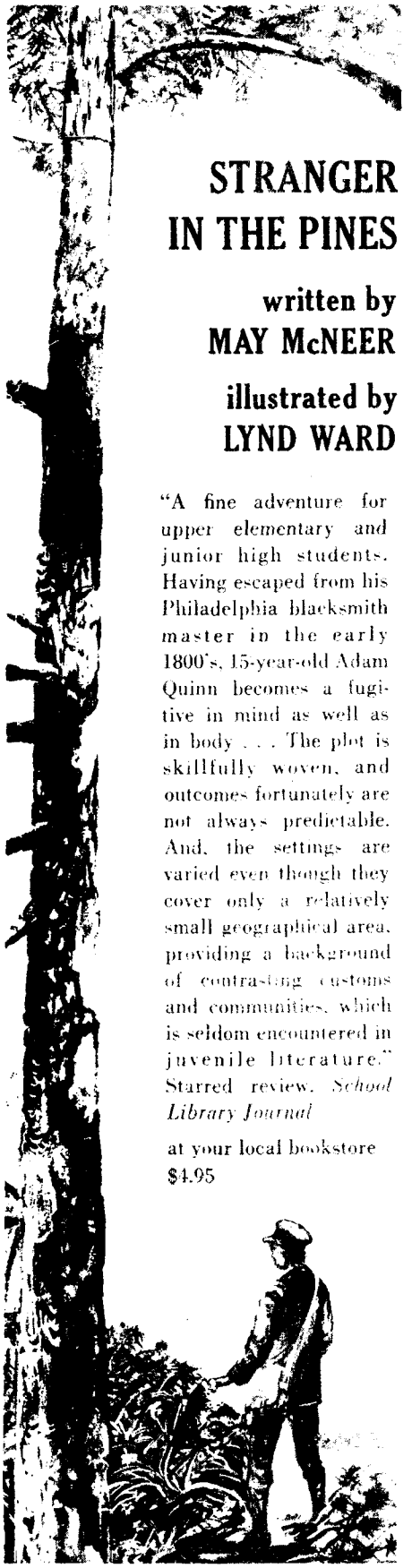
The Far Side of Evil by Sylvia Louise Engdahl with drawings by Richard Cuffari (Atheneum, $5.50) provides thrilling escapist literature with a chance to view world problems from the outside. Two young anthropologists in the Interplanetary Association go to study Younglings on a planet threatened by nuclear war in a surprising, haunting, poetic book for 12- to 16-year-olds full of provocative philosophical and psychological questions as well as tense adventure and romance.

Biography can make gripping reading too. *The Barricades: The Anarchist Life of Emma Goldman* by Alix Shulman for ages 12 to 16, (Photos; Crowell, $4.50) is unusually well-researched and written. After a miserable childhood in Czarist Russia, Emma Goldman came to the United States and fell in love with the Anarchist cause. Hers was a life of long devotion to reform and social justice, and a romantic free life as well. One learns a great deal about the history of Anarchism and many misconceptions are erased.

Another girl who fled oppression in Russia, a little later in time and at a younger age, was Golda Meir, the heroine of Peggy Mann's *Golda: The Life of Israel's Prime Minister* (Photos; Coward McCann, $5.95) for teenagers and adults. Golda was just as idealistic as Emma, but her ideas were more practical, and the story of her rise to success, and the birth and growth of Israel, is an inspiring one told with clarity, verve and detail.

Biographies for children often take more writing skill than those for adults. As the reader may not be familiar with the background of the book, the writer must fill it in quickly and clearly. He must be able to write with pace and flavor and make individuals come to life, or he will lose the interest of his young readers. Two other outstanding new teenage biographies are: *Ellen Terry, Bright Star* by Constance Fecher (Photos; Farrar, $4.95), which gives an intriguing picture of theater life in England, and *He Was the Voice: The Life of W. E. B. Du Bois* by Emma Gelders Sterne (Photos; Crowell-Collier, $4.95), a dispassionate study of a great black scholar and leader.

The Young Ardizzone; An Autobiographical Fragment written and illustrated by Edward Ardizzone (Macmillan, $7.95, 10-adult) gives a nostalgic picture of childhood in England in the early 1900s, the joy of roaming the countryside, the woes of a shy schoolboy and a young man's first struggles


STRANGER
IN THE PINES
written by
MAY McNEER
illustrated by
LYND WARD
"A fine adventure for upper elementary and junior high students. Having escaped from his Philadelphia blacksmith master in the early 1800's, 15-year-old Adam Quinn becomes a fugitive in mind as well as in body . . . The plot is skillfully woven, and outcomes fortunately are not always predictable. And, the settings are varied even though they cover only a relatively small geographical area, providing a background of contrasting customs and communities, which is seldom encountered in juvenile literature." Starred review, School Library Journal
at your local bookstore
$4.95
Houghton Mifflin Company Boston

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to make a living. In a few evocative words and sharp strokes of the pen, Ardizzone gives witty, delightful pictures of his family and friends, most memorable of which is a fierce but warm-hearted grandmother.

One only wishes that Ardizzone had devoted more space to his beginnings as an author and illustrator and told the history of some of his picture books such as *Lucy Brown and Mr. Grimes*, a most satisfying Cinderella story published in a new edition by Walck ($5.00). Modest Mr. Ardizzone underestimates his importance as a creative artist. Indeed there is a scarcity of biographies of children's authors and illustrators. Let's hope that in the future there will be far more serious evaluation of children's literature both in books and in the reviewing media.

A Selected List of Children's Books

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES

Religion

The Angel and the Donkey. By James Reeves. Ill. by Edward Ardizzone. McGraw. $4.50.

Picture-book story of Balaam.

Joseph the Dreamer. By Clyde Robert Bulla. Ill. by Gordon Laite. Crowell. $4.95.

Joseph and his brothers; striking pictures in a distinguished telling. 5-10.

A New Day. Written and ill. by Don Bolognese. Delacorte. $4.50.

The Nativity story laid among modern migrant workers. Vibrant color. 4-9.

Elijah the Slave. By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Ill. by Antonio Frasconi. Farrar. $4.95.

Magnificent, medieval-like paintings illuminate a legend of God's might. 5-10.

Pietro and Brother Francis. By Hertha Pauli. Ill. by M. Miller. Washburn. $3.50.

In Assisi, a boy learns from St. Francis to love all God's creatures. 6-10.

Brother Earth: Nature, God and Ecology in Time of Crisis. By H. Paul Santmire. Nelson. $4.95. 14-adult.

Picture Books

The Truffle Pig. By Claire Huchet Bishop. Ill. by Kurt Wiese. Coward. $3.95.

Suspense and humor distinguish this lilting story of a lonely boy and his pet pig who brings good fortune to the family. A most successful first book in Coward McCann's new read-to-yourself "Break of Day" series.

Shrewbettina's Birthday. By John S. Goodall. Harcourt. $3.50.

Charming Beatrix Potter-like pictures.

Changes, Changes. Written and ill. by Pat Hutchins. Macmillan. $4.95.

An original, wordless story about the adventures of some building blocks and a toy wood couple. Bold pictures.

In The Village. In the Forest. Written and ill. by Hilde Heyduck-Huth. Harcourt. Each $3.50.

Bright, washable look-at books.

I'm Glad I'm Me. By Elberta G. Stone. Ill. by Margery W. Brown. Putnam. $2.97.

A black boy's joy in living.

Go and Hush the Baby. By Betsy Byars. Ill. by Emily A. McCully. Viking. $3.50.

Frustrations of a little babysitter.

Horrible Hepzibah. Written and ill. by Edna Preston Mitchell. Viking. $3.50.

A delightfully nasty and naughty child.

Can I Keep Him? Written and ill. by Steven Kellogg. Dial. $4.50.

Small boy's dreams of a pet.

The Ice-Cream Cone Coot and Other Rare Birds. Written and ill. by Arnold Lobel. Parents'. $3.95.

Inspired, zany verses and pictures.

Benjy and the Barking Dog. Written and ill. by Margaret Bloy Graham. Harper. $3.50.

A beguiling, resourceful dog.

How Droofus the Dragon Lost His Head. Written and ill. by Bill Peet. Houghton Mifflin. $4.25.

Delightful, nonsensical adventure.

The Little Mohee. An Appalachian Ballad. Ill. by Joanna Troughton. Dutton. $4.95.

Vibrant, patterned woodcut-like pictures of a romantic Indian princess.

The Vicksburg Veteran. By F. N. Monjo. Ill. by Douglas Gorsline. Dimon. $4.50.

Beginning-to-read story about General Grant's son's war adventures.

Easy Reading Books

Feldman Fieldmouse, A Fable. By Nathaniel Benchley. Ill. by Hillary Knight. Harper & Row. $3.95.

In the E. B. White tradition.

Goody Hall. Written and ill. by Natalie Babbit. Farrar. $4.50.

Highly original and witty Gothic novel.

The Day Luis Was Lost. By Edna

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Barth. Ill. by Lilian Obligardo. Little. $4.50.

Puerto Rican boy new to USA.

Green and Something Else. By Gunilla B. Norris. Ill. by Charles Robinson. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

A pet mouse helps a shy boy gain friends and courage.

Blowfish Live by the Sea. By Paula Fox. Bradbury. $4.50.

Adjustments of a sensitive half-sister.

Nellie Cameron. By Michele Murray. Ill. by Leonora E. Prince. Seabury. $4.95.

A school-family inner-city story.

Rita, the Weekend Rat. By Sonia Levitin. Ill. by Leonard Shortall. Atheneum. $4.50.

From "Arms and Armor in Africa" (Atheneum)

Adventures of a tomboy. Excellent!

Matthew A. Henson. By Charles P. Graves. Ill. by Ronald Dorfman. Putnam. $2.97.

Gripping, easy-reading saga of Peary's black assistant at the North Pole.

Folk and Fairy Tales

The Monkey's Whiskers: A Brazilian Folktale. Written and ill. by Anne Rockwell. Parents'. $3.95.

Outwitting a monkey—gay fun! 4-8.

The Steadfast Tin Soldier. By Hans Christian Andersen. Ill. by Monika Laimgruber. Atheneum. $4.95.

A stunningly illustrated edition. 4-9.

Awake and Dreaming. Written and ill. by Harve and Margot Zemach. Farrar. $4.95.

A romantic Tuscan fantasy. 5-9.

The Silver Whistle. By Jay Williams. Ill. by Friso Henstra. Parents'. $3.95.

An exciting and highly decorative fairytale.

Persephone, Bringer of Spring, By Sarah F. Tomaino. Ill. by Ati Forberg. Crowell. $4.50.

Favorite legend, fabulous pictures. 5-10.

The Magic Mirrors. By Judith B. Griffin. Ill. by Ernest Crichlow. Coward. $3.95.

African fairy tale. Really outstanding! 7-11.

The Bushmen and Their Stories. By Elizabeth S. Helfman. Ill. by Richard Cuffari. Seabury. $5.95. 7-12.

Animal Folk Tales Around the World. By Kathleen Arnott. Ill. by Bernadette Watts. Walck. $7.50. 8-12.

The Moor Painters and Other Estonian Folk Tales. By Steve Maas. Ill. by Laszlo Gali. Viking. $4.95. 7-11.

Stories for 9-13

Thursday's Child. By Noel Streatfield. Ill. by Peggy Fortnum. Random. $4.50.

Escape from a horrible orphans' home; exciting girls' story laid in England.

The Case of the Ticklish Tooth. By Scott Corbett. Ill. by Paul Frame. Atlantic/Little. $4.50.

An ingenious boy detective.

A Room Made of Windows. By Eleanor Cameron. Ill. by Trina Schart Hyman. Atlantic/Little. $5.95.

A budding girl author.

Are You There God? It's Me, Margaret. By Judy Blume. Bradbury. $4.50.

By F. N. Monjo

"History always comes alive under the skillful pen of F. N. Monjo, who combines fact and fiction to create readable and entertaining stories."*

THE VICKSBURG VETERAN

Pictures by Douglas Gorsline. "A diary written by 12-year-old Fred Grant, who is accompanying his father, General Ulysses S. Grant, on the campaign against Vicksburg during the Civil War. Douglas Gorsline's drawings are outstanding and a perfect complement to Mr. Monjo's forceful text. Don't miss this one." —**Publishers' Weekly.*

Ages 6-10. $4.50

PIRATES IN PANAMA

Pictures by Wallace Tripp. "The exciting story of the time Henry Morgan invaded Panama, plundering the city and making off with all its gold, silver and jewels. The tale evolves around Brother John, the kindly monk, and the orphan child Benito, who lives with him. Word comes that Morgan is approaching the city, and the two quickly concoct a scheme to outwit the ruthless pirate who would have stripped the church's altar. . . . A robust, thrilling tale." — *New Haven (Conn.) Register.* Ages 6-10. $4.50

SIMON AND SCHUSTER
630 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10020

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Problems of a 12-year-old girl maturing; humor and perception.

The Peppersalt Land. By Marilyn Harris. Four Winds. $4.95.

Black-white friendship and tension in the South. Fine writing. For girls.

The Making of Joshua Cobb. By Margaret Hodges. Ill. by W. T. Mars. Farrar. $4.50.

A boy's first-year experiences at boarding school.

One Day for Peace. By Alexander L. Crosby. Little, Brown. $4.95.

Junior high students plan a town peace march. A must book!

Fury on Ice: A Canadian-American Hockey Story. By Sheldon Ilowite. Hastings. $3.99.

Historical Fiction

Stand Up, Lucy. By Elizabeth Hall. Ill. by Beth and Joe Krush. Houghton. $3.95.

Woman's rights in 1904. 8-12.

A Long Way to Whisky Creek. By Patricia Beatty. Morrow. $4.95.

Two boys in the Old West. 9-13.

Gone and Back. By Nathaniel Benchley. Harper & Row. $3.50.

Land Rush hardships. For boys 11-15.

Rat Hell. Written and ill. by Peter Burchard. Coward. $4.50.

Escape from a Confederate jail. 10-16.

"YET ANOTHER EXAMPLE *of the UN's incisive grasp of the problems that face us: The United Nations Economic Commission for Europe has issued its 1970 report, the first conclusion of which is: 'Weather conditions in 1969-1970 once again varied considerably from country to country.'*"

For a free copy of NATIONAL REVIEW, write: Dept. F, 150 E. 35 Street, N. Y. 10016.

Song of Jubilee. By James Forman. Farrar. $4.50.

A slave gains freedom. 12-16.

The Link Boys. By Constance Fecher. Ill. by Richard Cuffari. Farrar. $4.00.

Intrigue and escape in 17th century London. Theater background. 9-13.

To Kill a King. By Madeleine Polland. Holt. $4.50.

A thrilling, lyrical girls' story laid in 11th century England. 10-14.

Ellen. By E. M. Almedingen. Farrar. $4.50.

A sensitive, romance novel of an artistic girl growing up in 19th century England and Russia. 12-18.

From "Horrible Hepzibah" (Viking)

Three Lives for the Czar. My Kingdom for A Grave. By Stephanie Plowman. Houghton. Each $4.50.

Two rich, panoramic novels about the last years of Czarist Russia. 12-18.

Teenage Novels

Johnny Lee. By Donald Honig. McCall. $4.50.

Black pro-baseball rookie. Good!

Sour Land. By William H. Armstrong. Harper & Row. $3.95.

Black teacher; a sequel to *Sounder.*

I, Dwayne Kleber. By James Connor, III. Young Scott. $3.95.

A black paperboy. Bitter-hopeful.

Walk a Mile, and Get Nowhere. By Ivan Southall. Bradbury. $4.50.

A rebellious boy finds himself.

Deep Trouble. By Walt Morey. Dutton. $4.95. Deep sea diving in Alaska. Stirring!

Never Jam Today. By Carole Bolton. Atheneum. $5.25.

One of the best books of the season; a perceptive story of a girl involved in the woman's suffrage movement in 1917, of love, family relationships and finding an identity.

Friedrich. By Hans Peter Richter. Holt. $4.50.

Jewish persecution in Nazi Germany.

Shurik. By Kyra Petrovskaya Wayne. Photos. Grosset. $5.95.

Moving memoirs of a young nurse and an orphaned boy in Nazi-besieged Leningrad.

Biography

Nelly Bly: Reporter for the World. By Charles P. Graves. Garrard. $2.49. 8-11.

I'm Nobody! Who Are You? The Story of Emily Dickinson. By Edna Barth. Ill. by Richard Cuffari. Seabury. $2.95.

Selected poems included. 8-12.

The Meriweather Lewis Mystery. By Wilma Pitchford Hays. Photos, drawings. Westminster. $4.95. 8-12.

Soldiers in the Civil Rights War. By Janet Stevenson. Reilly & Lee. 11-14.

Michael Farraday: Apprentice to Science. By Sam and Beryl Epstein. Ill. by Raymond Burns. Photos. Garrard. $2.59. 10-13.

Beginnings. Compiled by Gwendolyn Reed. Atheneum. $5.95.

Intriguing reminiscences of famous people's youth which indirectly give a picture of past ways of life. 12-18.

Charlie Brown & Charlie Schultz. By Lee Mendelson and Charles M. Schultz.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photos, cartoons. $6.95. All ages.

The United States

Electing Our Presidents. By Helen Stone Peterson. Prints, photos. Garrard. $3.00.

Dramatic elections through history. 8-11.

Black Voyage: Eyewitness Accounts of the Atlantic Slave Trade. Edited by Thomas Howard. Little, Brown. $5.95. 12-adult.

Reconstruction, the Great Experiment. By Allen W. Trease. Prints. Harper. $4.95. 12-18.

American Attitude: The Story of the Making of Foreign Policy in the United States. By Edwin P. Hoyt. Photos. Abelard-Schuman. $5.95. 13-adult.

Censorship in America. By Olga G. and Edwin P. Hoyt. Seabury. $4.50. 13-18.

Treason in America: Disloyalty vs. Dissent. By Jules Archer. Hawthorn. $5.95. 13-18.

Lighthouses. By Arthur Smith. Ill. by Arthur Smith. Houghton. $4.95.

Fascinating, attractive history of U.S. lighthouses and their keepers. 9-16.

Political Action

The Soft Revolution: A Student Handbook for Turning Schools Around. By Neil Postman and Charles Weingartner. Drawings. Delacorte. $4.95. 13-18.

It's Up to You: A Guide to Changing the System. By Timothy J. Cooney and James Haughton. Washburn. $4.25. 12-18.

World History and Culture

Prehistoric Man: The Story of Man's Rise to Civilization. By Clifford D. Simark. St. Martin's. $6.95. 12-18.

People and Things in Early Greece. Written and ill. by Frank Jupo. Grossett. $3.50. 8-12.

Everyday Life of Medieval Travelers. By Marjorie Rowling. Prints, drawings. Putnam. $4.00. 12-adult.

Servants of the Devil. By Thomas G. Aylesworth. Prints. Addison-Wesley. $4.50.

Fascinating history of witchcraft. 13-18.

Children of India. By Sumana Chandavarkar. Photos by Stella Snead. Lothrop. $4.50. 7-10.

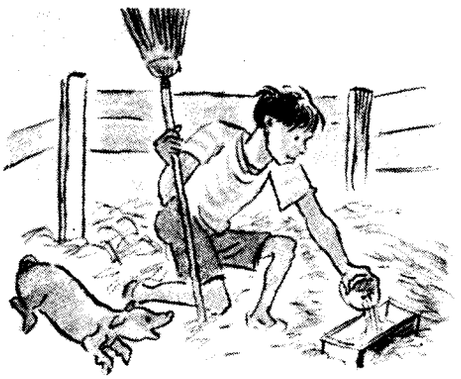
My Village in Thailand. Text and photos by Sonia and Tim Gidal. Pantheon. $4.50. 8-12.

Camera on Africa: The World of an Ethiopian Boy. Text and photos by Victor Englebert. Harcourt. $3.95. 7-12.

Schools Are Where You Find Them. By Jean Speiser. Photos. John Day. $5.95.

Classrooms around the world. 7-11.

One Earth, Many People: The Challenge of Human Population Growth.



From "The Trauffle Pig" (Coward McCann & Geoghegan)

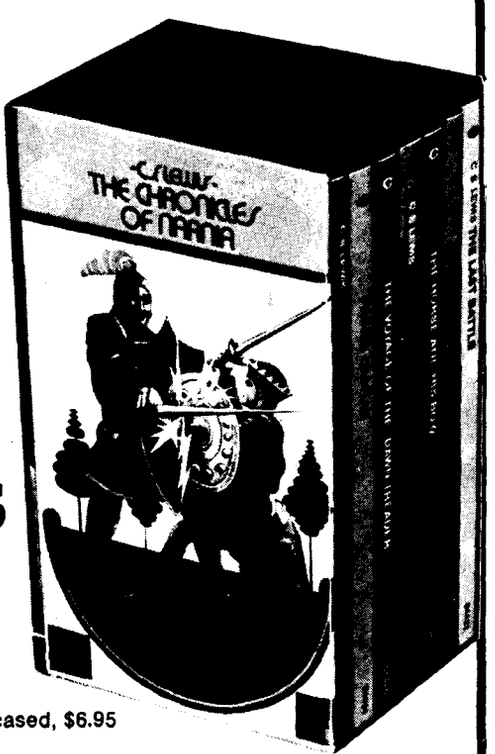
By Lawrence Pringle. Photos. Macmillan. $4.95. 10-16.

Society and the Assassin: A Background Book on Political Murder. By Bernhardt J. Hurwood. Parents'. $4.95. 12-18.

"Surely the most delightful and efficient teaching tools a Christian parent could possess"

—*The New York Times*

THE CHRONICLES OF NARNIA by C.S. Lewis



7 paperbacks, including *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, slipcased, $6.95

COLLIER BOOKS

A Division of The Macmillan Company, 866 Third Avenue, New York 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Long and the Short of It: Five Thousand Years of Fun and Fury Over Hair. By Bill Severn. Drawings, photos, prints. McKay. $5.95. 10-100.

NATURE AND SCIENCE

Where is My Monster? Written and ill. by Joan Berg Victor. Crown. $3.95.

Classified

Biblical Institute

● BIBLICAL INSTITUTE, Trinity College, Burlington, Vermont 05401. June 13-18. Ellis, Quinn, Collins, Mowry, Borowitz. Write: DIRECTOR.

African Institute

● SUB-SAHARAN AFRICA Summer Institute. 21 June-16 July, 1971. Designed for Christians, religious and lay, who anticipate working in Africa. Details from Dr. Peter Walshe, African Studies, UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556.

Position Open

● CO-ORDINATOR, state college Christian center, live in with two students, salary open. Box 576, New Paltz, N.Y. 12561.

Art

● CARDS DESIGNED BY CORITA KENT and others. Available to shops. Brochure. BOTOLPH, 154 Newbury St., Boston, Mass. 02116.

Assistance Needed

● WOULD YOU HELP a new Benedictine Hermitage Foundation by sending only one dollar to be used for basic plumbing, electrical work, etc. We believe in poverty and simplicity but not debt. All donations will be acknowledged. Thank you and God bless you. BENEDICTINE HERMITAGE FOUNDATION, St. Mary's Priory, 633 Lafayette Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10552.

Jewelry

● 5000 Year Old "KEY OF LIFE" Jewelry. Gold and Silver replicas. Color card 25¢. Aladdin House, Ltd., Dept. 22, 648 Ninth Ave., N.Y. 10036.

Meeting

● CATHOLIC PRIESTS FRAMED? Hear Father Fordi, Friday, May 21, 8:30 P.M., Unitarian Church, Pierrepont & Monroe, Brooklyn, N.Y. Adm. free. Ausp. SOCIALIST PARTY.

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion) 50c
Per word, 3 times 48c
Per word, 7 times 45c
Per word, 13 times 42c

Twelve words minimum.

For box numbers at Commonweal add 50c per insertion.

Classified payable with order, monthly in advance for more than 3 times.

Commonweal
232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

An Ideal Graduation

or Ordination Gift—

A Subscription

***to* Commonweal**

1 Year, $12 ***Two Years, $22***

Nature walk for 3-6. Soft drawings.

All Upon a Stone. By Jean Craighead George. Ill. by Don Bolognese. Crowell. $3.95.

Life of a mole cricket. Poetic text and sensitive paintings. 4-8.

Backyard Safari. Text and Photos by John and Cathleen Polgreen. Doubleday. $4.50.

Plants and animals. Grand photos. 5-10.

The Crab from Yesteryear: The Life-Cycle of a Horseshoe Crab. By John F. Waters. Ill. by W. T. Mars. Warne. $3.95. 7-11.

Signals for Survival. By Niko Tinbergen and Hugh Falkus. Ill. by Eric Ennion. Oxford. $8.00.

Sea gull language. A beautifully illustrated, large book. All ages.

Curious Ways of Common Birds. Text and photos by Robert H. Wright. Lothrop. $4.95. 8-12. Wonderful photos.

Tricksters and Trappers: How Some Animals Capture Their Food. By Barbara Rinkoff. Ill. by Peggy Chapman. Abelard-Schuman. $4.25. 6-10.

Talking with the Animals. By Daniel Cohen. Photos. Dodd Mead. $3.95. 11-16.

Animal communication. Intriguing!

Watchers in the Wild: The New Science of Ethology. By Daniel Cohen. Ill. by John Hamberger. Little. $5.95. 12-18.

Biology and the World of the Future. By Hal Hellman. Photos. Evans. $4.95.

Biologist as genetic engineer. 13-18.

Chemistry in the Kitchen. By Seymour Simon. Ill. by Peggy Fraser. Viking. $3.95.

Fun facts and experiments. 7-11.

Clocks for the Ages: How Scientists Date the Past. By Robert Silverberg. Photos. Macmillan. $5.95. 13-18.

Clean Air, Clean Water for Tomorrow's World. By Reed Millard. Photos. Messner. $4.50. 12-16.

HEALTH

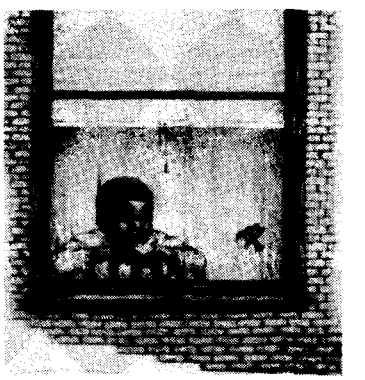
The Good Drug and the Bad Drug. By John S. Maar, M.D. Ill. by Lynn Sweat. Evans. $3.95. Medicine vs. "dope," and how drugs affect your body. 6-10.

The Drug Epidemic: What It Means and How to Combat It. By Dr. Wesley C. Westman. Dial. $4.95. 12-18.

POETRY

Somebody Turned on a Tap in These Kids: Poetry and Young People Today. Edited by Nancy Larrick. Delacorte. $5.95. Educators and parents.

There Are Two Lives: Poems by the Children of Japan. Edited by Richard



From "I'm Glad I'm Me" (Putnam's)

Lewis. Translated by Haruna Kimura. Children's art. Simon & Schuster. $4.95. 6-12.

More Cricket Songs: Japanese Haiku. Trans. by Harry Behn. Pictures by Japanese masters. Harcourt. $3.50. All ages.

I Am a Man: Ode to Martin Luther King, Jr. By Eve Merriam. Ill. by Suzanne Verrier. Doubleday. $3.95. All ages.

More Poems to Solve. By May Swenson. Scribners. $3.50. 13-adult.

Earth, Air. Fire & Water: A Collection

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of over 125 Poems. Selected by Frances Monson McCullough. Biographical notes. Coward. $5.95.

Contemporary perspectives. 13-adult.

Speak Roughly to Your Little Boy: A Collection of Parodies and Burlesques, together with the Original Poems. Edited by Myra Cohn Livingston. Ill. by Joseph Low. Harcourt. $6.75. 12-adult.

Art and Music

The Gambit Book of Children's Songs. Selected and arranged by Donald Mitchell and Roderick Bliss. Ill. by Errol Le Cain. Music. Gambit. $7.95.

Frederic Remington: Artist on Horseback. By LaVere Anderson. Photos. Remington drawings and color paintings. Garrard. $2.98. 10-13.

American Painter in Paris: A Life of Mary Cassatt. By Ellen Wilson. Reproductions of paintings. Farrar. $4.95. 12-18.

The Art of the Southwest Indians. By Shirley Glubok. Photos by Alfred Tamarin. Macmillan. $5.95. 7-12.

With These Hands They Built a Nation: The History of Colonial Arts and Crafts. By Lois Lazarus. Photos and old drawings. Messner. $4.95. 9-13.

Made in Ancient Egypt. By Christine Price. Photos and drawings. Dutton. $5.95. Life in Egypt as seen through its art and architecture. 10-16.

Arms and Armor in Africa. By Helmut Nickel. Drawings and photos. Atheneum. $5.25. 9-15.

Crafts and Hobbies

The Book of Wishes and Wishmaking. Collected by Duncan Emrich. Ill. by Hillary Knight. American Heritage. $2.95. 5-10.

Bag of Tricks: Fun Things to Make and Do with the Groceries. Written and ill. by James Razzi. Parents'. $3.95.

Egg carton bonnets etc. 5-10.

The Bread Book: All About Bread and How to Make It. By Carolyn Meyer. Ill. by Trina Schart Hyman. Harcourt. $4.95.

Bread around the world through history and legend. Recipes. 8-12.

Of Course You Can Sew! Basics of Sewing for Young Beginners. By Barbara Corrigan. Doubleday. $4.95. 11-18.

Collecting Small Fossils. By Lois J. Hussey and Catherine Pessino. Ill. by Anne Marie Hauss. Crowell. $3.95. 7-12.

Look What I Found: The Young Conservationist's Guide to the Care and Feeding of Small Wildlife. By Michael T. Cane. Photos. Chatham/Viking. 7-14.

Sports

How to Star in Swimming and Diving. By Charles Batterman. Photos. Four Winds. $3.95. 10-16.

Thirty Days in May: The Indy 500. By Hal Higdon. Photos. Putnam. $4.29. The famous auto race. 10-18.

Star Pitchers of the Major Leagues. By Bill Libby. Photos. Random. $1.95. 10-15.

Highlights of College Football. By John Durant and Les Etter. Photos. Hastings. $7.95. 11-18.

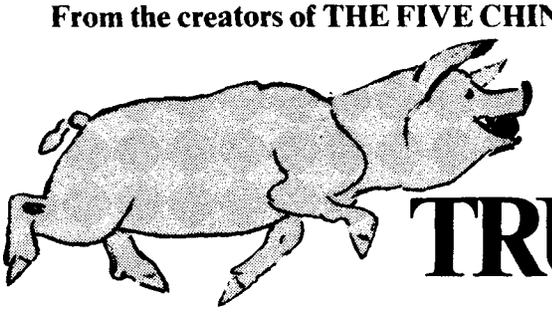
CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 251)

new life that hopefully burns within. Unless a man be born again! Can I believe that with Nicodemus? Come forth! Is it possible to hope for such a compassionate summons that brought Lazarus over from death to life? Would it have been better not to be born? May it be said of any human life ("*humanae vitae*"?) that at any stage of personal development it would have been better not have been born? That is a hard saying! Christ—ever folly to me at some parts of my life, many times a stumbling block, yet once more reveals himself—the resurrection and the life, the alpha and omega. "Better not to have been born?" No. Never. Charity will prevail.

—A CHRISTIAN IN PILGRIMAGE

From the creators of THE FIVE CHINESE BROTHERS



THE TRUFFLE PIG

by Claire Huchet Bishop, illustrated in three colors by Kurt Wiese. "THE TRUFFLE PIG is the first book in a new group of easy-to-read stories to be known as Break-of-Day Books. If the titles to follow are as good as the first book, Coward, McCann & Geoghegan—*and* beginning readers —are in for a winning streak."—*Publishers' Weekly*

Ages 6-9 $3.95, trade edition; $3.64 guaranteed binding

Coward, McCann & Geoghegan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Did You Miss...

- *James Hitchcock* on the Liberal and Radical Catholic
- *Michael Novak, Peter Steinfels* and *Wes Barthelmes* on the Calley Verdict
- *Joseph Blenkinsopp* on Kazantzakis' Religious Passion
- *Gerard S. Sloyan, Carl J. Armbruster* and *John J. Begley* on the Diaconate
- *Richard Du Boff* on Nixon's Secret Plan: The Budget
- *Ernest W. Ranly* on Man, Fate and Kurt Vonnegut
- *Frank Getlein* on Late-comers in the Empire Business
- *Gregory Baum* on Hans Kung and Infallibility

. . . in the most recent issues of Commonweal?

For political, cultural and religious insights of a similar import and quality, send coupon and save 55% of single-copy price.

17 Issues for $3

For New Subscribers Only

COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016

Please send the next 17 issues of Commonweal to:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

☐ I prefer the regular one-year subscription at $12. 5/21/71

412

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED